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ceremonies in mind

tram combs

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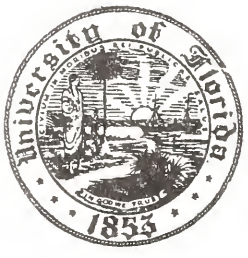

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ceremonies in mind

tram combs

59-13752

mind trammells printed · st. thomas, virgin islands of the u.s.

this book is for my mother with love.

511.5
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c. 2

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Vincent van Gogh

now to go out now now!
in the shrapnel bursting sunlight
aura'd pure in that streaming

no more dusks lightless days wastes of sleep
but to be gone wheat and tree, bird,
person and God lost, blowing dust o'
/in the ways/ wilds o' light

crane'ing after it

the last poem was wildest gesture
that spring high, into the sea of light
and grace swinging down times, airs

what coral carillons break now in your dispersed ears
what rhythms divine you in the beds
you roil in now now

shut from the Divine heart, heart
what cries tore your chambers towit
to call you dissolve you celled

Spirit in a cabbage-growth of meat?
stop the growth! unbody spirit
poems! poems, weltering outward fellow them! follow

intimations of Immortality in child-hours
the man less self less cares
gone All sung together

Icarian vision
of the art of poetry and life

reach not for the brute Sun
it may open to you and speak
la hora de verdad and you
into the slippery seizing sea
by truth set free
without footing go
shrouded in your climbing feathers, wetted
down drown

don't tempt the universe
its sense of humor's deathly,
wax and feather, fellow, feather.
poets go down, man, go down as Moses'
tablets of Law -- artillery of clay
fired in mind -- but feathering; waning, still feathering

visions of grace, justness and love in our cases
arise, we rise, we fly, we burn and fall

stoned in the silence of the spheres,
the mind's forever chains,
with their own unsound
to lie. knock. they will open;
ask and this shall be given you.

on the murals at Mike's Bar

for Jo-Ann Cholakis

once weekly or once a year
I cross the park filled with night and see you through the window
standing lone, live in dusty webs ---
girl in the red dress companying the lobster-seller,
cats, pineapples and fish-heads,
dust-colored puppy-dogs and hibiscus flowering
children in threes and sevens
and an old lady holding lottery tickets,
and one showing not thought, emotion nor face; only hat.

you stand from the darkness in misty and red painted
dancers in mid-light, with the calm of universals
in act like sung frescoes; motionless
as All, ever-live like Sassetta's saints;
sinking each year further a little into our
tropic soft quietude by divine entropy

in Mike's convivial room we come to sit
with alcohols in sweet-drinks against encroaching nights
closeted by Jo-Ann's dreams limned up, clothed in colors

on Saint John, Divine
in the desert by Veneziano

John, in massive Italianate youth,
with the grace of usual gesture
lays away his red cloths and stands
not concealed against us, universe

in his loins but a few years have swum
the flowers of life, cells of maleness springing,
that universal we ride on, river, driver, deriver
so nearer untimed than we, that wears us, that
vanishing swifts, we're borne by, bear

among mountains stone of the Immaculate
imagined, delicately firred, marvelous
on a pebbled deck, he stands alone

odd tonight that, sleepless at four,
I should have drifted onto you.
for days I've been turning, returning to
phrases and images for a poem on
buddies moving through such Sierras
stopping long after noon to wash, fish,
make it and vanish into sleep in the meadow grassed
face of God as sun
was slung off, and the mountains rushed holy
into coloring wondrous into fine shadows
and darkness of horned-moon night

steel-band set
for Vincent Barzey, West Indian

i

thrust, thrust, thrashing and retaken, his
maraccas race stirring in swings, his
shouts lacing like whips these slaves released
Vincent cloth'd in khaki and red
bounds on his animal stage
joyous, uncaged ---
pelvis shivering in arcs
muscled taut with life, young
boxer bullet-headed, splendid with teeth
grinning up, eyes closed in sounding, rapturous

ii

of such rages of maraccas and flesh
inspirit's born in the steel-band;
this wizard draws with swift-hands

white-cigaretted, dark young men with hats thrust back
break out their music from oil-drums saved.
they sway over the pans, knees inswing,
pounding soft harmonious melodious

love poem, sort of

(for Vincent Barzey, West Indian)

the years of youth, Vincent, you spend
as star hours, swinging live
in scarlet sleeve-ruffles,
bare belly, brass belt
and maraccas' click and rattle, pelvis ballets;
and all day lying with new girls, new boys or asleep;
you do not like to be alone;
for your brain troubles you then;
life channels forms to its stream.

odd pal, Vincent, in my history;
I've not a petty patter
to fill long hours for you;
but I give you Vincent printed
for the odd joy of having you near,
antiphonal to my childhood, Southern white.

P.

like water-bugs joyous on the surface
he races round and round in the living
town glad cries motor-scooter beep-beeps

"Wow, Tram!"
"Gee. I had an accident this morning."
"Lend me 50c for gas."
"I wanna go movies."

on those charming features we will watch
tolls of gravity claimed,
this joy, this lyricism grace his seed

sixteen

in a brand new broken-down automobile (three hundred 'n
fifty bucks)
Rodney *takes* the ancestral street
with a broad grin

A.

for a boy I adored
and sent to jail

not less because you've a devil bit, incipient angel,
we are fellow-fathered of His earth
and you are God's own, boy,
even as I, and I love you

your years and passages I'll ease and
joyn in as I may, but
you can't go on breaking into my house, stealing my
clothes;
tram's creature and necessary possessions are real as you

D.

wind mind -mill

miracles summer moon-light rising, we, in
subtle conjunctions of spirit climbed

that tower ruined the swell of new technology'd left
idle in the field blades to carve, sails to catch
air unused now in its sea, broken, banging
a soft discordant clamor in the wind;
climbed, climbed we to lie eye to eye
netted in, grilled in cages high-
swung in the earth-whirl
in stars and wind slip slipping
through cross showers of moon- and mind- fire

in manhood's innocent years, fellow
(footfalls silent through the shadows away
away away from the prurient town) we
climbed here, climbed trees
and lay --- minds twining turning
in jungles mountains athletics sex ---
unleaving into heavens rose

bearing

Ish cat -child, wild,
the infant you've dropped, all ginger and cream,
cocoon-shaped and squirmy in the garden thicket
worms up in instinct in your
loving fur womb-warm,
under your gold eyes star·ing through the fern-
fronds laced with quick-silver oils of sun

first birth--- in calmer times, Tiger-Ish,
you're shy of me, a few quick steps off all ways
but to-morning after this night /wilderness, wilder
when the streams of the Creator tore you
you look to me with strange hungers / love

cradled by the Creator we re·turn
to our fellow creatures
new-eyed

fleur d'Afrique

i

rat-shaped tiny creature
skinny and pot-bellied, dusty, stinking, flea-stung:
why have I borne you home?

certainly not from need of yet another cat,
nine last month, I've four right now;
only this passion for cat·ality I suppose

well, meet your company. that baby blue-eyed lion
casing us is Dave
presently captain of the cat screwing-order

fleur d'Afrique

ii

fleur d'Afrique, you were lost and bony
when first I saw you, dark under hibiscuses
by the water, animal
child of the night air sea trees

let us mingle our lives;
run our changes in the same house,
hunger or sleek together,
you and I

among these vasts of matter
waiting or done with this
brief fire of consciousness
feed and think, joined in compassion

Victoria

(for Charlotte and Gus Stark)

i

Tao!
for Victoria

brother amoeba moves silent
and surrounds his additives;
but for you it's maceration with the teeth,
ears slicked back and eyes a'squint
faint growls at your fellows
and occasinally the back foot to eye-ball

ii

life's brief hours never will be enough
to still, satisfied with stroking, this
white fur, ring-tail, nor for smiling into your blue eyes,
Victoria, these desires, sweet cat of St. John.

even when you're among the dead I'll remember
throwing open these windows mornings
I find you coming through the patio
crying stirring the pale lights here to me;

you give this earthly flesh
in conscious waves against my
probes and messengers of affection fingers
rumbling in cat delight;

I'll hope in that manner of dreaming then
you will have found
a friend in that new form
who'll be affecting for you thus.

your body wholly is my delight
sometimes with chocolate, fruits or liqueurs
to lace it and mock-devour
you, all your
pieces most! -public and -hidden

O! sensing you under tongue and thumb exploring, new!
and when by such sweet awareness
fleshes' massage and hungers to join
souls through love's little pillary and bridge .... !

beach-heads! foot-holds, fastnesses! on eternity we
make with but hand-spans of our meats
opened, living, live to each other,
memories old to the Creator re·played
our lone selves exorcised
in Creation's motion

it's not to make a child, it's not
our church's blessed connection,
it's just for the sweet uproar of nerves, of
man!

grasp this actual, powers remembered of
time's rhythms and stops, our cells', skins' responses to
touch
and re-order All to the most delicious sequences
urgencies
get on! with it!

.

unhinge mind! lift off its doors
live! open house with the world a'blowing ....

angel

i

but do you remember
how often we lay to, and
loved each other?

I peel away your clothes
finger your skin and
open your hips, inspect
their window rose

it's good to have you back
all those old ill feelings
in time's chemicals' changes / chains
lost

we will be happier now
older
calmer together

angel

ii

as Mala to Gide, Djami to Rimbaud
angelic you come back,
come back in my mind

.

those nights! of actuality, you returned
more affectionate, more angry,
we took but fits of sleep
midst bursts of life

.

I know that when I'm dying
I will think last of you,
going under in mind once more
that sweet departure
in your arms

1957

to be 'great scientist' now, young man,
sweat lone and cold through worlds, words seeking
to form in your mind a seeming of the Creator's ways

mind unhinged by visions of destroyers
then bend brain and fingers to make
engines of destruction destroy Destroyers!

and call your individual nemesis
shouldering from Boards, knowing a good thing
suspicious where he can't understand unknowing

the complexities, long movements in Man's minds;
and with the confidence of elaborated fools
take your gadget; he daren't trust you

watch it then, sent against the innocent
after the thinking of one man dying and old
and remember --- a million men vanish in a flash

grow old now, creature of air silt and light
with the blood of hundreds of thousands
draining through your dreams and cries

admass, u.s.a.

from the crafty hands of cosmetician and
performer the corpse appeared with life;
millions sighed and shifted, soothed, in their silly sleep on

formed in contrived desire,
packed and corralled with fear,
gleefully shit on by the hired guards

O, thieves! murderers! liars!
in this mad generation, halt!
what make you?

mazes of falsehood and fear ---
millions insane, millions suicidal
millions, millions de-sensed in alcohol

the national juggernauts roll
to psychopath and fool; as they falter
they rig them false-face:
us market may tremor

states'

i

after a year of libel
and lies in vendetta
the judge commends the newspaper
for devoted public service

thus pig will to pig repair;
sounds of their brute digestion
and copulation foul our air

ii

under the cloth cop and criminal one
violents
lover and lov'd
infoal'd

iii

Pilate thought he was a good man
all the time he was a killer
just like you, fellow,
well paid at government

how many men have died
free-animal spirits broken
in your cages?

you have more blood on your hands
than all who've been herded here
by your gunmen associates

to Caesar ---

the priest circles in the court
will he complain against these men their violence?
certainly not; they're pillars of his church and pay him

.

if Christ were here!
he could sue you fraud!
using his name!

using your hearers these
to lock you in for reflecting
their cages

Procrustes church and state

we will survive them
man is strong
wily when necessary

minds laid with obscenes,
fond little shitting up of rules and penances
violence, vicarious

new Theses! to this bull-
thief- and murderer- turned labyrinth
to break this crust of Customs
Roman Ashanti

West Indian Mission

and so they came out of cold Europe
drifting in little ships
and stepped into waves packing on palmy sands

bearing no gold or possessions
to raise emotion other than withness
midst the dark cannibal transported

visions and texts of diviners! of monogamy, moderation
and Christ
speaking they suffered abuse of the fearful
richer and raised their temples

in the fields of their sowing we find
a people clothed, their joys and rages restrained
their homes painted, the dogs chained

in choir their hymns on Friday nights
stir in the crickets wind and trees
thanks to God who gives such sweet sentience

bit in the priesthood
of the Church of Garden Street
(for W. C. Williams, His bloody Pink Church and our joy)

I case the Immanent translations of rainbows
pigeons' white and brown children over Denmark Hill alighting
in tHis again dawn in our Time,
pouring in sun golds -- limes, bloods, blacks,
blues and oranges -- back of the Church in our ancient stream-bed;
so, often our lights arrive where we aren't looking
and Illumination's from behind.
"Quick! Turn?" in time it will turn round, whole·ly,
naturally, but
don't blast the Church? sluggish
on the alter, love it and its sins
cursed sufficiently by God;
bannering a self-governing sacrifice to love
it has assaulted earth and swept all un-Hindu to brotherhood
(Moscow's the mad child horizons, blinds, violence stone
from Rome)

Mother! collect to Love in this narrow compass us!

Clubs, cages, cannon, fires for desirables theoretical
for futures it must leave now
and turn to pin, to pinion on God and us entire, our
triumph standard cause vehicle and wheel
Christ man crossed concurrer triumphant
to infuse the centuries centurions arriving to be borne
with His Principals many-formed
with Him, as/and actualities --
each moment of this where, when
to God-What and How Joy!

Christ,
comedian of hell

under the lamp the polilla's stung, stung
and by black ants drawn
writhing in poisons' fires away.
in millions through this air after rain
they swarm, but few survive

so are we fallen
midst thieves and assassins ourselves
ignorant we attack and
tear each other
cannibal in spirit
economy

i

Christ! what is this passion?
it can not matter,
the mob
shouts for the thief alive
the saint dead

ii

the chaplaincy at West Point disputed

Christ, in your name they fight!
nearer their slaughterers to be
Christian soldiers onward!

iii

Christ,
hung up on the dreaming tree of man ....

Christ lookout

(for Brother Antoninus, O. P.)

we come born hypnotized by God;
and who monk chase
out this universe of His forming
come back mouthing
stones words mind-works
newed but holding these mattering
less and wholier
· lights more brilliant ·
don't care
mind intoxication Creation

this book
was designed, its types hand-set, and printed
by Preston H. Dettman, pandanus press,
13520 southwest sixty-third avenue, miami, florida, u.s.a.
and is completed in may 1959.
the types used were the Roman and Italic of Palatino
and the papers Ticonderoga for the text, the cover Bristol;
the illustration is after a drawing by Laurence Donovan.
twelve hundred copies have been thus made
and fifty others on Frankfurt paper
with one piece penned by the poet tipped in,
numbered, and signed by originator, illustrator and printer.

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